

Great Britain's

H O P E,

I N A N

Address ~~to~~ my Lord

P E M B R O K E.

By the Author of the Merchants Advocate.

Multa viri virtus animo, multaque recursat

Gentis Honos -----

En. 4. L.

L O N D O N,

Printed and sold by most of the Booksellers in London and
Westminster.

THE M. B. R. O. K. E.

By the Author of the Machine, Advocate

And the Author of the Machine, Advocate

LONDON

And sold by most of the Bookshops in London

and

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TO THE
LORD PEMBROKE.

EXcuse, my good Lord, the Zeal I contemplate Your Virtues with. They are so conspicuously excellent, that it is impossible to see and hear and be silent. Nor is Your experienc'd Moderation the least Signal of the Number. And if that, Moderation I mean, be any thing more than Pretence among the Men, who would be thought its greatest Patriots, they have now an Opportunity of Evincing their Sincerity in compleating, what is the hearty Wish of the honest in three Kingdoms, as well as that of

My Lord

Your Excellencies Unknown

but Real and Devoted Servant.

TO THE
LORD PEMBROKE

My Lord, I have the honor to receive your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the petition of the Lord of the Manor of ... I am sorry to hear that it is impossible for you to attend to the matter at present. I am, however, very anxious to see the matter settled as soon as possible. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John ...

My Lord
Your Excellencies Unknown
but Real and Devoted Servant

Great Britain's Hope, &c.

A Nations Sense, in humble Lines contain'd,
To Thee, the Nations eldest Hope, I send.
O *Pembroke* listen; Let our Needs prevail,
While with our Joy, We thy Compassion tell.
Not for our selves, we for the State implore;
To save is great, to serve it's Safety more.

Like *Scipio* then, our certain *Scipio* Thou,
Forsake a while the *Ballance* and the *Plough*:
'Tis *Neptunes* self, that supplicates thee now,
Weak in his Carr, obdurate *Tritons* he
Beholds, and calls aloud for Aid to Thee.
The Reins too pond'rous grow, and gaul his Hand:
Be like thy self; and stoop to the Command.
Thy Country casts on Thee her languid Eyes,
And, where She once was blest, for Succour flies.
It's People too, Ambitious of thy Aid,
Like Sun-burnt Herds, seek out thy kindly Shade:
Let them, altho' Ambition can't, persuade.
Prudence and Fortitude have mark'd thee out;
And Safety thence is Certainty, not Doubt.

Such Temperance as Thine, with speed as strange;

In Men and Fortune too must cause a Change

O listen to our Hopes, and quit thy Ease:

'Tis great, 'tis natural in thee to please:

Insulting Tyrants then shall quickly see,

Our Ancient Glory onely wanted Thee.

To make us truly Masters of the Sea.

O listen to our Hopes, and quit thy Ease:

'Tis great to Govern; but 'tis more to Please.

Oh! Were there Ought that's Equal, Or Above

Thy Queens lov'd Grandeur, or thy Countries Love;

Could Reason furnish Arguments more strong;

All Europe would be Sharers in my Song,

Iberia in the just Address would joyn,

And ask thy Aid on either side the Line:

And thy Jerna Hazard all in thine.

O listen to their Sorrows, lend an Ear:

And, while they hope, bid those that hate 'em, fear.

I see, ye Powers, I see the Conquest's gain'd:

His native Sweetness has preserv'd the Land.

All private Interest Stoops; and Envy flies

With Fames own Wings to tell the Nations Joys.

O Triumphe! Let the Trumpets sound!

Despair Depart! Let healthful Hopes abound.

I see, with Faiths Almighty Eye, a Spring,

That ushers Us Saturnian Ages in.

Now

Now Trade, the Nations safest Solace, smiles;
 And fats the British from most distant Isles;
 His *secret* Orders *honour* every Eye;
 Who dread an Execution not *Customarily* slow.

Jamaica first the happy Influence feels,
 The best and fairest of the Sister Isles,
 She feels an Aidour, which she wanted long,
 Not banefull or pernicious like her own;
 But one, that fills her Coffers, and fulfils our Song;
 Despairing *Lewis*, thence support destroyed;
 Already Low'rs the Topails of his Pride;
 And, like that *Body*, finds his lost Estate;
 Whose Blood too thick is grown to circulate.

First Fruits of Good! What may we not propose,
 From Councils all propitious as those;
 What may we not propose? What need we fear?
 Since *France* and *Spain* have his immediate Care.
 Great Reason! Make thy Estimate, and guess,
 If Greater Things we may compare with less,
 Guess by his former Ardour, what we now,
 To a sad Indigence reduc'd, may hope will flow.
 Danger inspires the Noble; and Distress
 Gives Minds capacious Earliest of Success;
 Souls little little Difficulties surpass;
 But an *Emilia* suits a desperate Case.

To Triumphe ! Let the Trumpet sound.
 Great *Brittain's* safe ! an Admiral is found.
 Brave *Shovell*, chain'd to Orders in his Rule,
 Could hardly half exert his English Soul.
 What could a Patriot for his Country do,
 Who wanted Pow'r to finish Things in View ?
 The Soul, that would have Conquest on his Side,
 Must share a Trust ; and with the Land divide.
 As Armies there the Generals Looks obey ;
 Here whole Armados must confess his Sway.
 Not wait the tedious Orders of the Shore ;
 Where Counsellors are paid to brawl or shew.
 Where short Attendance makes a short Debate,
 Or long ones ever serve a sickly State
 With Secrets onely like themselves of Weight.

But who dare cavill ? Who dare here dispute ?
 O *Pembroke*, let Experience help him out,
 Ask honest *Tarrs* ! Let Envy scrutinize
 The Annals of our Knowledge, Ears and Eyes.
 Thy Expedition, Zeal a Test will stand,
 And show a Care unrivall'd in the Land.
 A Fleet they scarce so easily could propose,
 As thou couldst mann it out against thy Foes.
 Like Fate thou stood'st, and did'st alike dispose.

Be just, O Patriots of the Land, be just :
 Evince your Wisdom, and discharge your Trust.

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To Brittain's Wifhes, which, if Wife, are yours;
Assent and choose the Cordial, that restores.
What fairer Methods can the Skill'd propose,
Than those, which Reason and Experience shows?
In Dangers corporal the Wise Man flies;
And Garth relieves the Heart, or R-- the Eyes.
You'll hardly find the Ideots of the Age
Seek Bot--, Or the Brothers of the Stage.
With them Leave Time-quacks, to the use of those,
Who, what three Nations Labour for, Oppose.

And thou, the Love, and Wonder of our Isle!
On whom may long Heav'n's kindest Aspects smile,
Thou *Anna*, Arbitress of Peace and War,
Who only mak'st our Conquests worth our Care,
Hear thy poor Suppliant Peoples just Address;
And Let with their Concern *thy* own take place.
Resplendant Tendernefs we long have seen,
And found the glorious Mother in the Queen.
Be still the Mother; still the Queen maintain;
And, as the Land is safe, preserve the Main.
With ruefull Prospects, who would teaz *thy* Eye;
Kind Fate estrange his every Sense to Joy.
But in Oblivion, while We lay our Care,
Kind to *Thy* self our Supplications hear;
And frown not on the Hand, that points, the Star.

'Tis Providence, the Hand of Fate, not Faith,
That to thy Royal View presented hath
A Mead of Flow'rs, and through't a beaten Path.

'Tis Vertues Road: for see, on either Hand,
Her Handmaids, Fortitude and Prudence stand.

Before 'em Conquest moves in ample State:

There wants but *Thy* Decree to make it Fate.

For so the holy Archives, thy Delight,

The Honest, Brave, and Temp'rate Man requite.

Reserv'd by Heav'n *Thy* wondrous Reign to bless,

As on the Land so govern ore the Seas.

Europe may then indeed reject her Chain,

And *France*, as was the Fate of Rival *Spain*,

Regret the Dangers of a female Reign.

Two such Commanders how could *France* oppose?

Thy *Marlbrough* to battel courts *thy* Foes,

And Conquest *Pembroke* courts, where ere he goes,

Spain, glad to see so diligent a Hand,

Again throws off French Yoaks for *thy* Command.

And faithful *Savoy* finds the *Britain* move,

Disposing Fate with Influence above.

The Gallick Pirates, safer now in Port,

Entail a dismal Poverty at Court.

While *thy* own Vessels, faithful in their toil,

(And what is toil, when Wealth becomes its Spoil?

From the most distant Countries bless *thy* Isle.

O Queen! O Mother of thy Country! Be

Kind to our Hopes, as we are just to Thee.

Thy

Thy piercing Eye, by which we guide our own,
 Affix'd a Value, which before was known.
 Well He Discharg'd the Trust, the Trust was great; *Ireland.*
 But He can still add Vigour to the Weight.
 O Queen! O Darling of thy Country! Be
 Kind to our Hopes, as we are just to thee.
 Exhausted Millions raise not our Debate:
 We ask Thee Things of more momentous Weight,
 To Guard *Thy* Glory and support *Thy* State.

And you, who daily at her Throne attend,
 Your Queen, your Country, and your selves Befriend.
 Affirm a Worth, you cannot but confess,
 Nor make that little, which must make you less.
 Stanch Virtue does not Emulation fear.
 The Sun may shine; but Night will want a Star.
 Stars are their proper Guides, who Sail by Night:
 Be this our Star; do you Contribute Light.
 Thus guarded, your Efforts for Publick Good,
 Like Torrents, shall not safely be withstood.
 A jealous Senate shall your Deeds approve;
 And those shall fear your Works, who cannot love.
 Union shall then not Party be, but Choice.
 And Royal Stamp confirm the publick Voice.
 Those, who our weal Maligne, by Force shall own,
 They, for their Country, could not more have done.
 Compell'd, like *Fabius*, by superiour Stars,
 To Vote those Statues, they wish'd only theirs.

Let Virtue, Honour, Truth and Interest Plead;
And make you active in this glorious Mead,
The Cause is yours, is publick good the Aim;
You too th' Advantage reap, and Share the Fame.
Oblig'd Posterity shall fix its Seal,
On lasting Annals, that shall Ages tell,
What Blessings you our *Conservators* brought,
In hand with those, who bravely for 'em fought.

O *Pembroke*! While the publick Weal we press,
With thy known Candour our Endeavours Bless;
Thy lesser Grandeurs quit; Forget thy Ease;
Neglect thy own to bring thy Country Peace.
A Roman to thy Christian Soul was given;
Make use of those vast Benefits of Heaven.
The Task is great, and ~~Will~~ will Require;
If more be wanted, cannot Heav'n inspire?
Thy Care and Caution will all Clouds disperse;
And send our Fame throughout the Universe.
The Sons of *Phæbus* shall exert their Lays,
And pay a noble Gratitude in Praise.
While Britains Foes Experience to their Cost,
Our Honour stands Retriev'd; tho' not afore 'twas lost.

F I N I S